

A. W. AUNER, SONG PUBLISHER & PRINTER,
Tenth and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN.



Oh, Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee:
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
When Liberty's form stands in view,
Thy banner makes tyranny tremble.
When borne by the Red, White and Blue.

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Thy banner makes tyranny tremble,
When borne by the Red, White and Blue.

When war waged its wide desolation,
And threatened our land to deform,
The ark then of freedom's foundation,
Columbia rode safe through the storm.
With the garland of victory o'er her,
When so proudly she bore her bold crew,
With her flag floating proudly before her,
The boast of the Red, White and Blue.
The boast of the, &c.

The wine cup, the wine cup bring hither,
And fill you it up to the brim,
May the wreath they have won ne'er wither,
Nor the star of their glory grow dim;
May the services united ne'er sever,
And hold to their colors so true,
The army and navy forever—
Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue.
Three cheers for the, &c.

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